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In this article, which MIle. Genee, the Danish

dancer, who has captivated New York, prepared exclusively for The EVENING WORLD, she tells how her great character dance, "The Hunt"-the most difficult and attractive, perhaps, in her repertoire-is done.

By Mile. Genee. ANCING develops the im-



agination to a greater extent than almost any other The painter or the sculptor can

exactly through the medium of his ert. Modern music has become alst as accurate and realistic in deordbing everything from nature sounds to the most complicated emo-But the dancer has only nimble

toes and a supple body to work with in depicting a scene or a feeling of the heart, and consequently has to nut all her intelligence into her work either of these.

A two-footed mortal trying to accu- hurdle in perfect unison with your rately describe the movement of a mount. In the dance I try to give ugly and ridiculous. And above all only bit of realism is the swaying of



It is the additions of little bits of imaginary events she is trying to deobservation like this, combined with scribe through the medium of the the vivid imagination, that make up dance, and her facial expression, a descriptive dance. In other words, which is one of her greatest aids in it is realism conventionalized to the acquainting the public with the pass dance step and never going beyond ing picture, must vary as that does. the bounds of grace or beauty or over-

little bitterly. "It's always like that.

People count me like so much money.

If it is coarse for me to say so, re-

that in my country people call a spade a spade."

Popoff and Natalle came hurriedly in

to pay their respects to the guest upon whom Marsovia's hopes so depende

At a sign from the Ambassador t

"So you were shocking some of

Paris gallants?" beamed the Ambassi

dor. "What a child of nature yo

am a peasant dressed up. How I wish

sometimes that I were a real peasant

farm-the bleating of the pigs, the new-

"Ahl" chuckled Popoff. "Child of na-

"You mean," countered Sonia, "that I

others drew back.

again!"

member I'm a farmer's daughter, and



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CHAPTER I.

The Girl With the Millions HE Widow just now is the Queen of our diplomatic chessboard," sighed the Marsovian bassador's pretty wife. "She will • here to-night. My husband is hang-ig over the banisters watching for

"But what reason?"—
"Oh, he has exactly twenty million
asons for"—
"I don't understand," murmured M.
Jolidon.
"No? Then you are probably the only

"To don't understand, included in Jolidon."

No? Then you are probably the only tobelor in Paris who doesn't. She as the daughter of a poor Marsovian rimer. No dowry but her beauty. An ormorously rich old banker named Sapwa—wealthlest man in Marsovia—fell love with her, married her and did are the exquisitely graceful favor of tying a week later. She inherited his hole fortune—\$20,000,000."

"And now, I suppose she has come to aris to spend it?"

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"And now, I suppose she has

rament. Ours is not a rich country, in the American bar at — 7"

"Did you go thence, as I told you, to the American bar at — 7"

"Yes, sir. But he was not at home there to-night."

"Odd! He's usually very much at those there as soon as he has finished the magnum of champage that was in the magnum of champage that was in the local to the home there, I'm told. So you falled in local to the home there I'm told. So you falled in local told you, to the American bar at — 7"

"Yes, sir. But he was not at home there to-night."

"Odd! He's usually very much at home there, I'm told. So you falled in local told you, to the American bar at — 7"

"Yes, sir. But he was not at home there to-night." t's all absurdly simple."

"Well," laughed de Jolidon, 'his hair your mission? You couldn't find him?"

"Oh. yes, Your Excellency, I found him. That is to say, I"—

wake love to Madame Sadowa." But you must." What?"
"You must marry her, at any rate."

yously about her. She and De Jolidon were ensconced in an alcove of the salon. It was the night of the Embassy ball. From the adjoining ballroom came the strains of a waltz and the soft gliding of hundreds of dancing feet. Guests were passing and repassing along the great hallway and broad stairs at the rear of the salon. But for the moment the two had the room to themselves.
"Listen," she said. "My husband sus-

pects nothing thus far, but he is certain o in time, unless"---

rying some one else? I can't, and you know I can't. For I''---"Hush! You mustn't say the I am a dutiful wife. And-what are you doing?" she queried, as he snatched up her fan from the table. With the pencil

it to his hostess. Natalie, with a little catch in her!

"Because you forbade me to say it,"

"Tell His Excellency I have come back," broke in a voice at the door. As a servant hurried off with the message the speaker waddled into the

ment. Ours is not a rich country, "Did you go thence, as I told you, to

"Oh, yes, Your Excellency, I found

Are you mad, Natalie? Or is Polzoff, scornfully. "Idling away his time, as usual, when"—

"I fancy it will be cheaper than filling him up. I'll do my best, Your Excellence."

"Unless I divert his thoughts by mar-

that dangled from his dancing card de Jolidon scribbled three words on one of the ivory sticks of the fan, then handed

better. Where?"

"Was he sober?"

"Not distressingly so, Your Excel-In fact, if I may"-"Did you give him my message? Did

you tell him?" "I gave it word for word, sir. I told breath, slowly read the words aloud:
"I-love—you!"
"Why did you write this?" she asked.
"Why did you write this?" she asked. him his country was calling for him, and that Your Excellency desired his

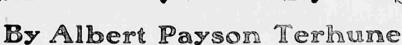
> "He said: Give my country my regards and tell it to go to" "-"Where?" snapped Popoff, as Nish paused in embarrassment.

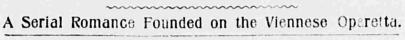
lomatically speaking, Prince Danilo's

icepail beside him when I left." "How much of it was gone?"

"The cork was not yet drawn,

aim. That is to say, I'—
"Oh, you found him at last? That's
"Be on the lookout for him. Air. "Be on the lookout for him. Air. "When he comes put ice on his head, if
When he comes put ice on his head, if
When he comes put ice on his head, if "I fancy it will be cheaper than filling







tered out of the room as fast as his somewhat shaky old legs would carry ture! True child of nature! Always him, and the voluble Nish ran along in remembering the dear old days on the her change of expression, he added,

A commotion swept through the scattered groups in the foyer; a murature mur, a rustle, a whisper that resolved But I want you to meet to-night some "I hope it was no days. A charming mur, a rustle, a whisper that resolved But I want you to meet to-night some "I spite of his" itself at last into the excited phrase:
"The Widow has arrived!" "Twenty prince Danilo. A charming young fel-"The Widow has arrived!" "Twenty Prince Danito. A charming young fel-millions and unencumbered!" "Widow low. He'll be here presently. Danito of Sadowa, the animated money bag!" |18"-"A Monte Cristo fortune for some lucky But the mischief had died out of man!" "Her name is Sonia Sadowa- Sonia's eyes. Her face was paler than twenty millions-red hair, too-but a was its wont, and there was a stern beauty!" "Twenty millions!" "The look as of pain about the daintily chis-Merry Widow!"

Down the stainway from the dressingrooms and into the salon, swept a woman-young beautiful vivacious. A light of mischief damoed in her great dark eyes. Her masses of auburn hair shone like an aureole above her rather pale, delicate face. About her hovered half score of gallants, all vying for word, a look, from the beauty (and fortune) of the Paris season.

Two men-the Marquis of Cascada and the Count de St. Brioch-were lucky enough to claim for a moment r two her attention.

"No, no!" Sonia was saying in protest. "At home, in Marsovia, men don't make such pretty speeches. Courtship there is very primitive and marriage is for life. Whrn a man makes love to another's wife-he is promptly shot. When a wife firts her good plan. Why not try it in Paris?" antifully exclaimed Cascada, "1 "I can well believe it," assented

The boys probably have some sisters of whom you can ask to be introduced. Does He Lobe Her?

"I have already met Prince Danilo," she said, curtly.
"Really?" cried Popoff. Then, noting

with apprehension: "I hope it was not on one of his well days. A charming, lovable youngster,

"I am not interested in hearing about him." broke in Sonia, in a curiously level, emotionless votce. "It was long en me. Even as as I have forgotten im. Let us talk of something else,

He Has No Girl Friends.

Dear Betty:
AM a Southern boy and have been now and haven't been able to meet you are his for the asking he will lose any girls. I hold a good position and ave met quite a number of boys, but interest in you.

I how can I become acquainted with some nice girls?

R. R. B. He Is Not Too Young.

I do to make him like me? C. C. H. Don't pay any attention to what the girl told you. I can't tell whether the in New York City for some time now and haven't been able to meet any girls. I hold a good routile of the control of the contro

AM twenty and deeply in love with a young man two months my junior. Would it be proper for me to marry you know, madame, we have been Dear Betty:

counting the moments until you ap
i AM in love with a young man my already asked me to be his life partner? age and a friend of mine asked him if he liked me and he answered ar no. He told another friend of me all kinds of presents and I should.